

## IN THE CAFE.

She was a quiet little woman, with a very pale face. Her serge gown was worn and shabby. The blue had faded to a sort of heliotrope. She wore a pink shirt waist which had also faded and was streaked, but was scrupulously clean. The shabby shoes and the frayed gloves carried out the general impression of poverty.

She walked to a small table in the corner and sat down with a certain grim determination in her manner. The very way in which she pulled her chair up to the table was full of decision. The way she dragged off her shabby gloves and laid them to one side suggested desperation. She read the menu card over and gave her order to Pierre quite distinctly, though in a low tone. Then she leaned back, her lips, which lacked the ruddiness of health, drawn closely together.

"Queer looking girl that," remarked the artist to his wife as he tossed up a salad.

"Yes; isn't she?" remarked the artist's wife, nibbling an olive.

"She doesn't look like the bohemian sort," pursued he.

"She looks like—a—well, a teacher, as far as her face goes, and a starving milliner's assistant as regards clothes and air," commenced Mrs. Artist critically.

"She does seem hard up, that's a fact."

Meantime Pierre placed the tureen before the hungry looking girl. The aroma of soup floated on the air. The girl's transparently white face was suffused with color for an instant as she carried the ladle toward her soup plate. Then there was a little crash, a little cry, and soup was trickling down the shabby gown. The pale faced girl had fainted.

They bore her to the little parlor, and Mrs. Artist, who was a recognized authority at the Mazarin, because she always dined there, unfastened the frayed, stiffly starched shirt collar and ordered some sherry. The white faced girl revived beneath the stimulant and drew a long drawn and shuddering sigh.

Then she unresistingly took more of the wine the golden haired woman was forcing upon her. When she had recovered somewhat, the wise little wife of the artist forbade her to speak.

"When you have drunk this broth," she said in the voice of a commander in chief, "you may tell me all about it."

The girl drank the broth obediently.

"Now," said the artist's wife, "what does it all mean?"

The pink flush suffused the white face again.

"I hadn't had anything to eat for so long that I was faint," whispered the girl. And I didn't have money to pay for my dinner, and—hunger and—fear—made me!"

"Yes, I see," nodded Mrs. Artist as though to be starving and a swindler were natural occurrences. "I see. But how did it happen? Tell me in just a few words."

"I'm a music teacher," faltered the girl, "and music student. Alone in New York. Home in Ohio. Boarded on Tenth street. Lost my pupils; lost my money. Couldn't write home. They're poor. Stopped taking my meals in the house. Did chamber-work to pay for my room. Finally didn't have a cent. I couldn't borrow or beg for money, and I couldn't earn any. It—it—I hadn't anything to eat for three days, and I made up my mind to have one dinner if I was put in jail for it."

"I understand perfectly," said the artist's wife in the tone of one who had frequently experienced starvation. "Now come out and dine with us, Miss—"

"Miss Wylie," said the girl, blushing.

"My dear," said the artist's wife that night, "you are going to paint a picture of a thin, pale, spirituelle faced, shabby young woman teaching a round, rosy little cherub the violin. You are going to call it 'The Music Teacher,' and sell it to old Mr. Van Fletcher, who likes you, for \$300 or so. And you are going to give Miss Wylie a hundred of those dollars for being such a perfect model for the subject. Then she's going to spend the summer on an Ohio farm. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, my love," replied the docile husband.—New York World.

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